THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

Vol. III.] HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1806. [No. 12.

SELECTIONS.

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

From the Literary Miſcellany.

(Continued from page 41.)

THE firſt honor, conferred upon him by the elector on his return from Vienna, was making him Chamberlain in 1784 or 1785. About the ſame time alſo he was admitted a member of the academies of ſcience of Munich and Manheim.

His attention was directed to the inquiries of the political and military ſtate of the elector's circle. This knowledge was neceſſary to the effecting his benevolent plans for meliorating the condition of the poor, who thronged the metropolis, and for whoſe ſervice he volunteered himſelf, and ſuffered no circumſtance to be omitted, which could poſſibly aid the project.

The motives, which influenced him to undertake the reformation of the police &c. in Bavaria, and the principles, which were adopted to carry it into effect, are ſtated by himſelf, as follow in his eſſays, publiſhed at London 1796.

"Having in the year 1784 with his majeſty's gracious permiſſion engaged myſelf in the ſervice of his moſt ſerene highneſs, the elector Palatine, reigning duke of Bavaria, I have ſince been employed by his electoral highneſs in various public ſervices, and particularly in arranging his military affairs, and introducing a new ſyſtem of order, diſcipline, and economy among his troops."

In the execution of this commiſſion, ever mindful of that great and important truth, that no political arrangement can be really good, except in ſo far, as it contributes to the general good of ſociety, I have endeavored in all my operations to unite the intereſt of the ſoldier with the intereſt of civil ſociety, and to render the military forces, even in time of peace, ſubſervient to the public good."

The king of Poland conferred upon him the order of St. Staniſlaus in the year 1786; and, on his journey to Pruſſia the year following he was elected a member of the academy of Berlin; &, as if it were impoſſible to ſtop the courſe of honors, literary, civil, and military, which were flowing upon him, in 1788 he was appointed major general of cavalry, and privy counſellor of ſtate. To complete for the preſent this progreſs of promotions, he was placed at the head of the war department, and directed by the elector to adopt the neceſſary meaſures for executing his various plans for improving the condition of the army and of the poor, and render them complete.

In the year 1789 Sir Benjamin eſtabliſhed the houſe of induſtry at Manheim.* This was the firſt experiment of the kind, to which he had directed his attention, and was the reſult of ſeveral year's ſtudy and cloſe application to the intereſt of the military ſyſtem. We cannot obtain a correct account of the different parts of this eſtabliſhment, becauſe, as he himſelf ſays, "it was his firſt attempt, or *coup d' eſſai;*" therefore in his eſſays he has choſen to give a deſcription of that, which was erected a few months after at Munich, which he does not heſitate to ſay, may be taken for a perfect model for any ſimilar inſtitution.

The ſame year Sir Benjamin was occupied in founding the houſe of induſtry at Munich, or the military workhouſe, as it was ſometimes called, becauſe the poor were employed in furniſhing the articles of clothing for fifteen Bavarian regiments of the elector's army. The troops of the Palatinate and of the duchies of Juliers and Bergen received their clothing from the houſe of induſtry at Manheim. This inſtitution will be found not to reſt upon the common, ephemeral, and partial endeavors to relieve the poor, which no ſooner get into operation, than they languiſh and die for want of patronage. Its principles are ſuch that its continuance depends upon itſelf, and nothing, but beggars and vagabonds, can ſupport it. It is maintained by the prevalence of thoſe evils and diſtreſſes, it was formed to correct and relieve. This may readily be underſtood by recollecting, that expreſs prohibitions were enjoined againſt any alms being given; and, in order more effectually to promulgate it, over the principal door, which leads to the court yard of the houſe of induſtry, was written in large letters of gold on a black ground, "NO ALMS WILL BE RECEIVED HERE."

The difficulties, which Sir Benjamin was apprehenſive might occur in putting this grand machine in motion, he avoided by convincing the public, that it was not a mere *job*. For this purpoſe he determined to carry it into effect, and then ſolicit their ſupport. After thus much had been done, he eaſily procured men of the higheſt rank and reſpectability to take the principal charge and direction of the whole buſineſs, and the inhabitants, who had been worn down by the uncomfortable importunity of theſe wretched creatures, and who had frequently been diſappointed in unſucceſsful attempts to remedy the evil, ſaw with the greateſt ſatisfaction and delight this beautiful ſyſtem in complete operation. The voluntary ſubſcriptions now poured in, and the finances of the houſe of induſtry increaſed in a rapid manner. Scarcely was any ſum too large to be given by the rich, when they could no longer ſee their ſtreets crowded with beggars.

The building, which had been choſen for the reception of this abandoned tribe, was pleaſantly ſituated in one of the ſuburbs of the city of Munich, called the AU. It had been a manufactory, but was then falling to ruin. It was repaired, and partly rebuilt in a neat and elegant manner. A large kitchen with an eating room and commodious bake houſe were added to the building. Workſhops for carpenters, ſmiths, turners, and other mechanics, were prepared, and ſupplied with tools for repairing the machinery, &c. which were conſtructed in this extenſive manufactory. Halls were fitted up for ſpinners of hemp, flax, cotton, wool, and for ſpinners of worſted. Halls were alſo prepared for all kinds of weavers, with workſhops for clothiers, cloth ſhearers, dyers, and ſaddlers, together with numerous other ſmaller rooms for the different operations of receiving and preparing raw materials, and returning and ſtoring the manufactured articles.

After this building was prepared with the greateſt regard to neatneſs and cleanlineſs; painted within and without; furniſhed with requiſite articles of machinery, and lodging, and accommodations of every comfortable kind, furniſhed for ſeveral hundred of theſe poor people, the next object was to apprehend them, and place them in their new habitation. For this purpoſe Sir Benjamin engaged the civil magiſtrates, and ſome of the moſt reſpecble inhabitants of the city to accompany & aſſiſt him in arreſting the beggars, in order to avoid the odiouſneſs of employing the military alone.

Early in the morning of the firſt of January 1790 he ſallied out, accompanied with the field officers and chief magiſtrates. The officers and noncommiſſioned officers of the three regiments of infantry in garriſon were ſtationed in the ſeveral ſtreets to arreſt and receive all the beggars, they could find, and conduct them to the town hall. *In leſs than an hour* the whole city of Munich was cleared of the gangs of beggars and vagabonds, who had infeſted the ſtreets.

When theſe poor unfortunate people were collected to the amount of 1500 or 2000,* compoſed of males and females of all ages, nothing could equal the ſurpriſe, not unmingled with fear, which they diſcovered on being placed in this pleaſant and bleſſed ſituation, and which ſeemed to be the effect of magic.

"It is eaſy to conceive," ſays Count Rumford, "that ſo great a number of unfortunate beings, of all ages and ſexes, taken as it were from their very element, and placed in a ſituation ſo perfectly new to them, could not fail to be productive of many intereſting ſenſations.—Would to God, I were able to do juſtice to this ſubject! but no language can deſcribe the affecting ſcene, to which I was a witneſs upon this occaſion.

"The exquiſite delight, which a ſenſible mind muſt feel upon ſeeing many hundreds of wretched beings awaking from a ſtate of miſery and inactivity as from a dream, and applying themſelves with cheerfulneſs to the em-

---

* *Among the lamentable conſequences of the late war in Europe is to be ranked the deſtruction of this inſtitution. The building was burnt by the Auſtrians, while beſeiging that city in 1795. The number of poor and indigent people, who were ſupported in it, was generally about* 800.

* *The number of poor people of all deſcriptions, foreigners and natives, who were collected in the courſe of one week after the eſtabliſhment was prepared, amounted in the city of Munich, to upwards of* 2600. *The whole number, taken up and delivered over to magiſtrates in the different parts of Bavaria, during the four years next ſucceeding the eſtabliſhment was* ten thouſand.

ployments of uſeful induſtry ; upon ſeeing the firſt dawn of placid content break upon a countenance, covered with habitual gloom, and furrowed and diſtorted by miſery ; this is eaſier to be conceived, than deſcribed."

Upon the meeting of ſo many abandoned and diſtreſſing objects, much confuſion would naturally ariſe, and it was three or four days before they could be all diſtributed into their different apartments, and made acquainted with the different occupations, to which they were deſtined No diſcontent, no mutiny, no murmurings were diſcovered in their words or actions ; no ſymptoms of diſſatisfaction for a moment lowered upon their brows ; but wonder and aſtoniſhment occupied their minds and a benignant ſmile of gaiety, and love and gratitude for their benefactor, ſoftened the aſpect of their woe worn countenances.

Having thus aſſembled them, every exertion was made effectually to prevent any diſcontent among the poor, and to make them as happy as poſſible. For this end all the various officers, who were eſtabliſhed in the military work houſe, were ſtrictly ordered to exerciſe the utmoſt kindneſs and leniency towards all claſſes. Rewards of different kinds, and prizes to excite emulation in their different employments were accepted, calculated to make them induſtrious, uſeful and contented.

(To be continued.)

From the Literary Miſcellany.

AN ESSAY ON MODERN IDOLATRY.

TO perceive the imperfections of others before we diſcover our own, and to cenſure thoſe very faults, to which we ourſelves are addicted, is a trait in the human character, which not unfrequently expoſes us to ridicule. In no particular does the truth of this aſſertion appear more evident, than in our deciſions concerning the religion and morality of the Ancients. When we conſider the degree of refinement, at which they had arrived, their ſacrifices, orgies, and other religious rites raiſe in us aſtoniſhment at their depravity ; while we, although aided by the light of revelation, have equalled them in almoſt every ſpecies of idolatry. The calamities, which befel the Iſraelites for their apoſtacy, appear to us juſt, and we do not heſitate to pronounce them idolaters, without even ſuſpecting, that the appellation applies with equal propriety to ourſelves.

To evince that theſe aſſertions are not without proper foundation, and at the ſame time to exhibit a ſuccinct view of modern Pagan theology, are the objects, now to be accompliſhed ; and, ſhould I fail to convince, I may perhaps amuſe.

Plutus, the god of wealth, for the number of his votaries, deſerves to be placed firſt on the catalogue of modern idols. He was emblematically painted by the Ancients, as both blind and fooliſh, lame in his approach, but winged in his departure. Of the extent of his influence over the ancient world information is deficient ; but at the preſent day we may ſafely affirm, that "all nations, people, and languages fall down and worſhip this golden image." As a counterpart to the hierophants of antiquity, men, who ſeceded from the world, and devoted their time to the ſervice of idols, are the prieſts of Plutus, who, from their ſelf-denial, and extreme devotion to the object of their worſhip, are denominated "*Miſers.*" From the extraordinary veneration, in which this idol is held among the moderns, the province of ſome of the moſt celebrated deities of the ancients is now devolved on him. The fair goddeſs of Love has yielded to his ſuperior influence, and, like Moloch and Saturn of old, he is now the object of human ſacrifices. To obtain the object, held forth in his worſhip, infatuated mortals brave death in a thouſand forms ; in the horrors of ſhipwreck on unknown and deſolate ſhores, in the chilling atmoſphere of the polar regions, and in the no leſs inhoſpitable climes of the tropics. Nor are his ſacrifices always thus voluntary ; for, ſince the commencement of the fifteenth century, thouſands of human victims have been forcibly conveyed from the coaſts of Africa, and immolated on the ſhores of the New World, in a manner far more cruel, than ever was practiſed by the ancients, or even by thoſe, whom we are pleaſed to denominate "the unenlightened ſavages of the South Sea iſlands."

Dame Fortune too has always maintained no inconſiderable ſhare of influence over mankind. Her reputation is ſo far enhanced at the preſent time, that no enterprize of moment is embarked in, without previouſly invoking her aid, and in a manner no leſs modern, than novel. Men, famed for integrity among the people, are nominated to ſerve in her prieſthood ; and with them are depoſited the offerings to Fortune. In proceſs of time alluring manifeſtoes are publiſhed, intimating, that at the appointed place, the blind, but munificent goddeſs will, by the agency of her wheel, bountifully ſignalize thoſe, who may engage in her cauſe, without reſpect to rank or age. Never did the ancient fane of Delphos, nor the ſacred groves of Dedona, witneſs ſuch crowds of ſuppliants. There the civilian and the ſtateſmen diſdain not to intermingle with the herd, and to wait with anxiety to hear the declaration of their fate. But the blind goddeſs of chance diſtributes her favors with the ſame ill-judged liberality, with which ſhe did formerly ; for, among the numerous candidates, who ſolicit her uncertain favor, the leaſt deſerving may prove the moſt ſucceſsful. To *quiet the murmurs* of thoſe deluded votaries, who had been indulging themſelves in the golden dreams of fancy, they are told, that their donations are not miſapplied, but will be employed in a manner, in which they were never deſigned, in benevolent and (tell it not in Gath) religious purpoſes.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

The Meanneſs of ſeeking POPULARITY.

"He could wear the complexion of the times."

THIS quality is the finiſhing trait in the character of a Demagogue. An agreeable perſon, an eaſy addreſs and a knowledge of mankind are but trifling aſſiſtants in the career of fame, unleſs their poſſeſſor is an adept in duplicity, and can "wear the complexion of the times." But, poſſeſſed of this faſcinating quality, a perſon ugly as Æſop, and uncouth in his manners as a Tartar, at a French Aſſembly, would captivate the attention and "ſteal the hearts of the people." To pleaſe the public ear, and gain the public voice, a ſtrict conformity to the public taſte is neceſſary. Would a perſon live in the applauſes of the multitude, he muſt enter into their views and feelings, adopt their opinions, and be influenced by their prejudices. He muſt laugh with the giddy, ſing and dance with the ſons of hilarity, play with the gameſter, ſwear with the profane, and carouze with the diſſolute. At leaſt in the preſence of ſuch, his countenance muſt wear the ſmile of approbation. He muſt praiſe whom the populace approve, whom they cenſure, he muſt condemn. He muſt "become all things to all men," their flatterer, their ſervant, their ſlave. Principles, though formed on the moſt mature reflection, muſt be ſacrificed to the capricious notions of a haſty and prejudiced populace.

To ſuch degradation of character, ſuch proſtitution of opinion, none will ſubmit but they who are deſtitute of thoſe qualities which inſpire real eſteem. A man of upright and independent feelings, though he may value the good opinion of the public, will "ſcorn the baſe degrees by which the flatterer aſcends." Some degree of deference to public opinion is requiſite to ſmooth the way even of the man of independence In ſome differences of opinion it is more noble to yield, than to attempt to ſtem the torrent. But who, not dependent on others for his opinions, does not prefer the inflexible independence of Coriolanus, to the mean duplicity and ſervility of Lothario ? In the ſame catalogue with the latter, the names of Piſiſtratus, Abſalom, and many others, blacken the hiſtoric page. Happy would it be for ſociety, did no ſuch characters now exiſt ; if the picture I have drawn were only the reſult of imagination. But to the diſgrace of human nature there are many originals ; many of "ſmooth ſpeech," and numerous "complexions." O ſelf intereſt, to what baſeneſs wilt thou not ſtoop to promote thy deſigns ? O love of fame, thou wilt degrade man to the rank of the fawning brute, merely to exalt him to a *ſhow* of eminence above his fellows.

I.OAMMI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No apology is neceſſary for inſerting the enſuing paragraphs, as the reader will diſcover they are from the pen of GOLDSMITH.

A life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the ſoul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom and friendſhip. To give ſhould be our pleaſure, but to receive, our ſhame ; ſerenity, health and affluence, attend the deſire of riſing by labor ; miſery, repentance and diſreſpect, that of ſucceeding by extorted benevolence ; the man who can think himſelf alone for the happineſs he enjoys, is truly bleſt ; and lovely, far more lovely is the ſturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning ſimper of thriving adulation.

The world is like a vaſt ſea, mankind like a veſſel ſailing on its tempeſtuous boſom. Our prudence is its ſails, the ſciences ſerve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favorable or contrary winds, and judgement is the rudder ; without this laſt, the veſſel is toſſed by every billow, and will find ſhipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obſcurity and indigence are the parents of vigilence and œconomy ; vigilence and œconomy, of riches and honor ; riches and honor, of pride and luxury ; pride and luxury of impurity and idleneſs ; and impurity and idleneſs again produce indigence and obſcurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

It is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any conſiderable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are ſome who ſtudy for one day with intenſe application, and repoſe themſelves for ten days after. But wiſdom is a coquette, and muſt be courted with unabated aſſiduity.

On whatſoever ſide we regard the hiſtory of Europe, we ſhall perceive it to be a tiſſue of crimes, follies, and misfortunes, of politics without deſign, and wars without conſequence. In this long liſt of human infirmity, a great character, or a ſhining virtue, may ſometimes happen to ariſe, as we often meet a cottage or a cultivated ſpot in the moſt hideous wilderneſs; but for an Alfred, an Alphonſo, a Frederic, or one Alexander III. we meet a thouſand princes who have diſgraced humanity.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

Fear guides more to their duty than gratitude: for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the giver of all, there are ten thouſand who are good only from their apprehenſions of puniſhment.

Quality and title have ſuch allurements, that hundreds are ready to give up all their own importance, to cringe, to flatter, to look little, and to pall every pleaſure in conſtraint, merely to be among the great, though without the leaſt hopes of improving their underſtanding or ſharing their generoſity; they might be happy among their equals, but thoſe are deſpiſed for company, where they are deſpiſed in turn.

Mr Fessenden, a native of America, who, by a ſeries of poems in the manner of Hudibras, has, in the eſtimation of Britiſh critics of the ſoundeſt judgment and the pureſt taſte, rivalled in all inſtances, and ſurpaſſed in many, the muſe of Butler himſelf, has with no leſs diligence than ſucceſs, publiſhed a *third* edition of "Democracy Unveiled." This poem, in direct warfare with ſome of the moſt infamous and execrable principles that ever diſturbed the repoſe of mankind, abounds ſometimes in the ſevereſt ſatire, and ſometimes in the moſt lively jokes, at the expenſe of a dull and ferocious party, who have all "the malice of a Monk," without his literature, and all the ſedition of Tiberius Gracchus, without his eloquence. Mr. Feſſenden, by taking a wide ſurvey of American politics, by tracing the poiſon of Jacobiniſm to its ſource, by portraying the characters of all our demagogues, and expoſing the depravity, and abſurdity of a vulgar and ſhort-ſighted ſyſtem, has ſo greatly enlarged his canvas as, in fact, to make it an entirely new picture. When we peruſed the firſt edition of this Satire, agreeable as the topic was to our principles and our wiſhes, we thought that the management of it fell in ſome degree, below the author's powers; and that his political friends, his political zeal, and his ſtaunch heart, had urged him to a hurried, though lively, glance at an object at once enormous and hateful, like Ætna or Veſuvius, too vaſt and too gloomy to be ſurveyed by a ſingle inſpection. But this new and greatly improved edition of his work convinces us that his accuracy and diligence keep pace with his wit, and that by a careful reviſion and elaborate augmentation of the volume, he has been anxious to repay the public favour he has experienced. On the literary merits of this work it would be ſuperfluous to enlarge. The author's powers of Invention and Humor, his felicity in the double rhyme, the ſmoothneſs and fluency of his verſification, and the archneſs and poignancy of his notes and alluſions, are familiar to the polite reader. Mr. Feſſenden, when temporary topics have vaniſhed, and all the prejudices of party are no more, will by impartial Criticiſm be aſſigned a place by the ſide of Samuel Butler, Charles Cotton, and George Huddeſford. Matthew Prior will not bluſh to arrange "Terrible Tractoration" on the ſame ſhelf with "Alma;" and Charles Churchill, without a murmur, might acknowledge that ſome ſtanzas of Mr. Feſſenden were not inferior in cauſtic effect to the moſt ſatirical paſſages of "The Duelliſt," and, "The Ghoſt."

[*Port Folio.*

THE FINE ARTS.

Two pictures of the ſtupendous cataract of Niagara have been lately publiſhed in London, on a ſcale of 30 by 24 inches, by Vander Lyn, a native of New-York. This ingenious artiſt, patronized by men of diſcernment and munificence, has obtained abroad and at home a very high degree of celebrity. He is now making the tour of Europe, under the auſpices, as we are informed, of the lovers of the Fine Arts in New-York. Mr. Vander Lyn devoted much time and talent to this delineation, taken on the ſpot. The connoiſſeurs ſpeak highly of the beauty and accuracy of the picture, and the plates are very correctly and elegantly engraved by artiſts of reputation. [*Ib.*

M. Poulleau has invented a muſical inſtrument which he calls the orcheſtrino, which profeſſes to unite the brilliancy and expreſſion of the harpſichord and piano-forte, with the ſoftneſs of the human voice. *ib.*

It can hardly be conceived how life, ſhort as it is, can be paſſed without many intervals of tedium, by thoſe who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the aſſiſtance of our worthy mute friends, the *Books*. Horſes, hounds, the theatre, cards, and the bottle, are all of uſe occaſionally, no doubt; but the weather may forbid the two firſt; a kind of nonſenſe may drive us from the third; the aſſociation of others is neceſſary for the fourth, and alſo for the fifth, unleſs to thoſe who are already ſunk into the loweſt ſtate of wretchedneſs and degradation. But the entertainment which *books* afford can be enjoyed in the worſt weather; can be varied as we pleaſe; obtained in ſolitude; and, inſtead of blunting it, ſharpens the underſtanding; but the moſt valuable effect of a taſte for reading, is, that it often preſerves us from bad company. For men are not apt to go, or remain with diſgreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleaſant party at home. *ib.*

There are at preſent in Paris, 455 bookſellers, 340 printers, 138 bookbinders, 327 engravers, 85 copper-plate printers, 49 print-ſellers, and 71 old book ſhops, 240 ſellers of lemonade, 200 keepers of cook ſhops, 630 wine-merchants, 146 perfumers, 154 lottery-office keepers, and 975 actors, actreſſes, ſingers, dancers, *et id genus omne.* [*Lond. pap.*

The Ruſſians are in full march againſt the French, under a commander of redoubtable name, general *Cutt-us of.* It is to be hoped this worthy gentleman will ſoon have a *ſlice* at Bonaparte. *Ib.*

A SONG—*By Thomas Campbell.*

Ye mariners of England,
Who guard our native ſeas,
Whoſe flag has brav'd, a thouſand years,
The battle and the breeze.
Your glorious ſtandard launch again
To watch another foe,
And ſweep through the deep,
While the ſtormy tempeſts blow:
While the battle rages long and loud
And the ſtormy tempeſts blow.

The ſpirits of your fathers
Shall ſtart from ev'ry wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave;
Where *Blake* (the boaſt of freedom) fought,
Your manly hearts ſhall glow,
As you ſweep through the deep, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the ſteep:
Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her *home* is on the deep;
With thunder from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the ſhore, &c.

The meteor flag of England,
Muſt yet terrific burn,
'Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the ſtar of peace return;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our ſong and feaſt ſhall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempeſts ceaſe to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempeſts ceaſe to blow.

PATIENCE.

The bark of a tree contains an oily juice, which, when it is in greater plenty than can be exhaled by the ſun, renders the plant evergreen. Such is the ſtate of the man whoſe virtue is a proof againſt the ſcorching heats of temptation and perſecution: he is "like the green olive-tree" in the courts of the temple: "his leaf ſhall not wither."

Women are generally ſuppoſed to be in mind, as well as body, of a more delicate frame than men; yet, in the primitive times, they went through the hotteſt flames of perſecution: as the utmoſt force of boiling water is not able to deſtroy the ſtricture of the tendereſt plant, and the lineaments of the white lily will remain after the ſtrongeſt decoction.

Literary Notice.—We have received the firſt number of a *Monthly Magazine*, publiſhed by John C. Gray & Co. at Danbury, (Conn.) It is deſigned to embrace Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, Morality, Religion, Miſcellaneous Matter, &c. and, if we may judge from preſent appearances, promiſes to be a valuable work. ☞ Subſcriptions will be received at this Office.

ERRATA.—In the laſt number of the Tablet, in the piece ſigned *Antoinette*, the 16th line from the bottom, inſtead of "more than amply repaying" *read* amply repaying, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SWEETS OF LOVE.

TELL me kind ſhepherds, you I mean
  Who pipe beneath Arcadia's grove,
And chaunt ſoft lays to beauty's queen,
  Have you not known the *ſweets of love?*

I *too* have drunk the rapt'rous ſtream
  Which flows thro' fancy's airy bow'r;
Enjoy'd the ſoft enchanting dream
  Of love, and known its magic pow'r.

Sure, I have felt love's pureſt bliſs,
  Have breath'd a ſigh on Mira's breaſt,
Have ſtole from Mira's lips a kiſs
  When fondly to my boſom preſt.

Can it be pain to love a maid
  So chaſte, ſo innocent, ſo fair?
No; pain my boſom can't invade,
  Nor a mean paſſion enter there.

O, lovely Mira, could I tell
  What joys I feel from loving thee!
What raptures in my boſom ſwell!
  You'd envy my felicity.

May not my muſe my heart diſcloſe?
  Will thy enjoyments be the leſs?
Can it diſturb thy ſoft repoſe
  To be the cauſe of happineſs?

May not I love without offence?
  Will you a humble ſuitor ſpurn?
O grant him but this recompenſe,
  How ſweet 'twould be, a kind return!

But I forbear—you need not tell—
  I've ſeen the roſe on either cheek—
I've ſeen thy ſnowy boſom ſwell—
  Love knows what language cannot ſpeak.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. ORLANDO,

I write but little, and that little on the ſpur of ſome ſpecial occurrences. Not many months ago I was—ſtop—what was I going to ſay—I don't like coquettes. If you think there is any thing worthy of peruſal in this odd production, you may inſert it in the Tablet. Yours, &c.

LEANDER.

THE COQUETTE.

What thing is that which ſkims along the ſtreet
As if it trod the air; nice, trig, and neat,
Set off with ribbands, trim'd all round with lace,
Two mighty curls its noſe and forehead grace,
Sparkling all o'er with tinſel and a locket;
What, can't you gueſs its name? It's a *coquette.*
  You'd laugh to ſee Nance prim'd on holidays,
All gilt and ſhining to the general gaze;
Turn, bow, and ſmile; the Loves infuſe deſire
The croud behold with wonder and admire.
To catch ſome eager look ſhe views the group,
And ſoothes the wiſtful gazer into hope.
Woe to the man, if ſhe but fix his eyes,
She ev'ry luring faſcination tries,
Her cheeks with crimſon fluſh, ſhe ſeems confus'd;
Looks placid then; all winning arts are us'd.
The work is done! he can no longer reſt,
And peace and joy are baniſh'd from his breaſt.
Right, if her wily arts can trap ſome rake,
Or make ſome worthleſs coxcomb's boſom quake;
But let all worthier youths in time beware,
Deſpiſe her witchcraft and avoid her ſnare.
O quit the giggling, flighty train, they'll trick you,
Take prudent care ere Cupid's arrows prick you;
Shun animals ſo mettleſome and briſk,
I always hate a jade that's apt to friſk.
  Theſe ſpecious forms with ev'ry beauty grac'd,
Will *ſometimes* do to look on, not to taſte.
The manchineel Jamaica's plains produce
Makes a fair ſhow but is not fit for uſe,
A comelier fruit man never laid his eyes on,
But eat—it yields a moſt deſtructive poiſon.
  Our madam boaſts a moſt prodigious chain
Of names enroll'd among her living ſlain;
A ſilly band entangled by her wiles,
The well earn'd trophies of victorious ſmiles.
Good Jo, with money, horſes, lands, enrich'd,
Squire Bill, and Doctor Ben are clear bewitch'd;
The lawyer too, for artifice reputed,
Commenc'd and ply'd his cauſe but got nonſuited;
In ſerving Nance the merchant grudg'd no pence;
Poor Ned ſtrolls up and down quite void of ſenſe,
Their paſſion pains her, but her high delight
Is to ſubdue and triumph in her might:
Appearing fond, Nance keeps them in a pother,
When one advances ſhe'll careſs another.
  Who could imagine that beneath a ſmile
Were lurking cruelty, and murd'rous guile?
Who would conjecture that ſo ſweet a thing
Put on ſuch trickſy airs t' inflict a ſting?
Strange, but tis true, for nothing but to grieve one,
She'll flutter round to filch the heart and leave one.
She, ſalamander like has liv'd in fire,
Nor aught is burnt, and only grown ſome dryer,
More rimpled, wrinkled, and more rivell'd o'er,
Yet prouder, perter, vainer, than before,
But will—poor heart! tis rude, tis grieving cruel,
To throw ſuch blame on this delicious jewel;
But will—all done, I'm very loath to ſay it,
Fie! let it come; tis folly to delay it,
But will ſhe ever? yes ſhe'll well be paid,
Condemn'd to fret an old hyſteric maid.

LEANDER.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

INSCRIPTION,

Deſigned for the Monument to be erected on the ground where HAMILTON *fell.*

GO, Stranger, to the *Man of Honor*, ſay
That theſe rude ſolitary haunts beheld
The ſaddeſt comment on his creed of blood.
Say that thy ſtep explor'd the ſhadowy cliff
Whoſe boſom, ſhudd'ring at the deed, receiv'd
The firſt of Heroes when *he* fell—And oh!
If honor leave its votary a pulſe
That yet can kindle o'er his country's fate—
Say that the living lip is mute, whoſe force
Arraign'd Ambition on her wildeſt wing,
Or ſooth'd the lawleſs frenzy of the throng!
Now awful as the voice of thunder; now
Perſuaſive as the ſigh of youthful love.
Tell him; the Beacon, by kind Heav'n ordain'd
To hold its lofty vigils; and await
The fearful criſis of the coming ſtorm,
Flings its broad beam no more; while Freedom ſits
Diſconſolate; and heav'nward ſighing, veils
Her form in ſackcloth, and her face in tears.
Then aſk—if in the arms of victory
Her Hero fell—or in the gradual lapſe
Of Nature; or bereavement's anguiſh, to
The languid ebb of being gave repoſe—
Or if 'twas not th' unbending majeſty;
Th' indignant brow; the bold unvarniſh'd mien
Of perſecuted Greatneſs, that provok'd
The practis'd aim of Jealouſy, and wove
The fable mantle of a nation's woe.

LODINUS.

New-York, Jan. 1806.

HAPPINESS.

(Tranſlated from the French.)

OVID, what though the Graces ſtrung
The ſilver lyre to which he ſung,
Too frequent, in delirium toſt,
Wand'ring far, his ſubject loſt:
His lively voice our ears approving,
His pencil wakes and fires the heart;
But, while he taught the Art of Loving,
He but taught ſeduction's art.

Anacreon, charming toper! told
The joys of frolic, wine, and love;
And, ſinging ſtill the roſe, or dove,
Away his gentle hours roll'd:
Cnidus' goddeſs ſtill obeying,
Laughing, in his ſweet career,
To Happineſs he oft drew near,
Down the dance with Pleaſure ſtraying.

To ſing of girls the yielding eyes,
Ill it befits the lover's trade;
If bright renown the poet prize,
True Happineſs adores the ſhade:
Diſliking much the boaſtful tongue,
Whoſo emblazons it, deſtroys;
It flies from glory, ſhrinks from noiſe;
How then can Happineſs be ſung?

Thou, ſecretly its ſteps purſue;
Thou, ſkilfully its gifts increaſe;
Thou, to enjoy it, hold thy peace;
And, more than all, in love be true!
To be happy, love thou ever;
If happy one, examin'd, prove,
He it is who chang'd has never,
Home, friends, his wiſhes, or his love! *Ib.*

FALSE BOSOMS.

Written in London, in the year 1798, *and when the ladies wore* FALSE BOSOMS, *which were to be purchaſed at the price of* HALF-A-CROWN *each.*

And is it becauſe the fell robbers of France
  Every *diadem* threaten to *break?*
And is it becauſe the fell robbers of France
  Lead *merit* and *worth* to the ſtake?

Say, is it for this, that now *falſe boſoms* bear
  A value ſo *great* and ſo *high?*
Say, is it for this, that a *crown*, once ſo rare,
  Only two, though ſo *common* and *worthleſs*, can buy? [*ib.*

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,
BY M. DAVIS.